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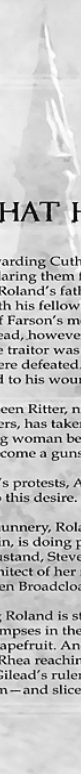
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IN A WORLD THAT HAS MOVED ON...

After officially awarding Cuthbert and Alain their guns and declaring them full gunslingers, Steven Deschain, Roland's father and dink of Gilead, rode out with his fellow gunslingers and intercepted a gang of Farson's men. Unbeknownst to the men of Gilead, however, a traitor was in their midst. The traitor was dealt with and Farson's men were defeated. Then Steven Deschain tended to his wounded fellows.

Back in Gilead, Aileen Ritter, niece of Cort, the trainer of gunslingers, has taken it upon herself to do what no young woman before her has ever done—become a gunslinger.

Despite her father's protests, Aileen holds fast to this desire.

In the Debaria nunnery, Roland's mother, Gabrielle Deschain, is doing penance for the betrayal of her husband, Steven, when she is visited by the architect of her misery, the evil Marten Broadcloak.

Meanwhile, young Roland is still entranced by the visions he glimpses in the seeing sphere called Maerlyn's Grapefruit. And in its depths he glimpses the witch Rhea reaching the chamber of his father, Steven, Gilead's ruler. Once there, she sneaks up on him—and slices his head off.

"Silence is golden" is how the old saying goes. Never really agreed with that all that much.

When your young'uns are making noise, ain't no need for worry. When they get all quiet, that's when there's trouble brewing.

Evil takes to silence like mushrooms to moisture.

And so evil thrives in the silence that hangs between Gabrielle and her illicit lover, Marten Broadcloak, as they depart the wall of Debaria.

No doubt she's wondering what their future holds, while Marten...

...well, his type sees the future in terms of the suffering of innocents. Innocents who are pawns on his grand chessboard that he plays against each other.





Where to now, my love? No matter *where* we flee, surely the gunslingers will hunt us down once my absence is prolonged.

When *flight* is not an option, then only *fight* is left. We must fight the mighty beast that is the gunslingers.

How is that *remotely* possible?

By severing its head, of course.

You would have me kill my husband?

I would have us be together. To cross the boundaries which separate us and rid the world of gunslinger tyranny.

And the only way to accomplish this is to culminate my betrayal of Staven by murdering him? Lord, what *sins* are writ upon the slate of life that *this* is the only way to wipe it clean?



And...what of *Roland*? Would you have me slay the son I birthed as well?

Absolutely not. He will live to old age and die peacefully if I have aught to say about it.



Of that you have my word.



So you will do
this thing for me?
For *us*? For all
Gilead?

Your great gift,
Marten, is to point
to the road untravelled
and make it seem not only
the *sole* possible path,
but a friendly byway
as well.

I take that as
acquiescence.

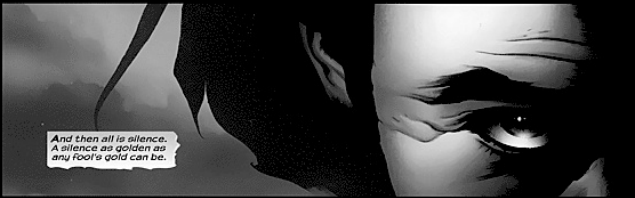
Return to
Gilead by nightfall.
A messenger shall
reach you anon
with a weapon to
do the deed.



Courage,
my love.



Looking like a man-sized raven
in the shadows, he watches her
depart. When she is finally gone,
he allows a soft, amused cackle.



And then all is silence.
A silence as golden as
any fool's gold can be.

Here's another old saying, long as we're at it: Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.

In Gilead, Roland's head wears no crown, but it's damned sure knowing no rest. As for the head that does wear the crown, namely that of Roland's father, Steven...

...In Roland's fevered vision, Steven's head--bereft of the rest of his body--is resting easily enough in the hands of the witch, Rhea of the Coos.

"Father," Roland moans in the grip of the orb known as the Grapefruit...



"Wait...what is she...? She's coming toward...my room! I am on the outside looking in on my own life!"



I dislike this, Bert. Trying to steal the orb from Roland while he sleeps...

It isn't his to own in the first place, Alain.



"Oh blessed God, I am being handed the chance to avenge my father's murder."



Hang back if you feel weak-kneed over this, Alain.



"Yes. Yes! Come closer, you hag from Hell!"



What is he muttering about?

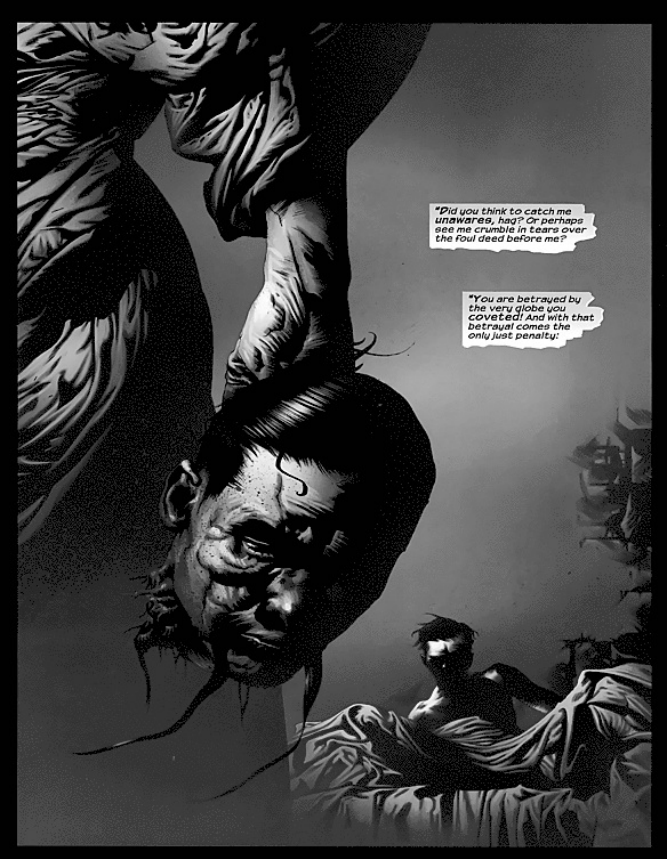
Who cares? He's dreaming. And if he's dreaming--



--that will make this business all the easier.

For what? For him to wake up? I think not.

Wait...



*"Did you think to catch me
unawares, had? Or perhaps
see me crumble in tears over
the foul deed before me?"*

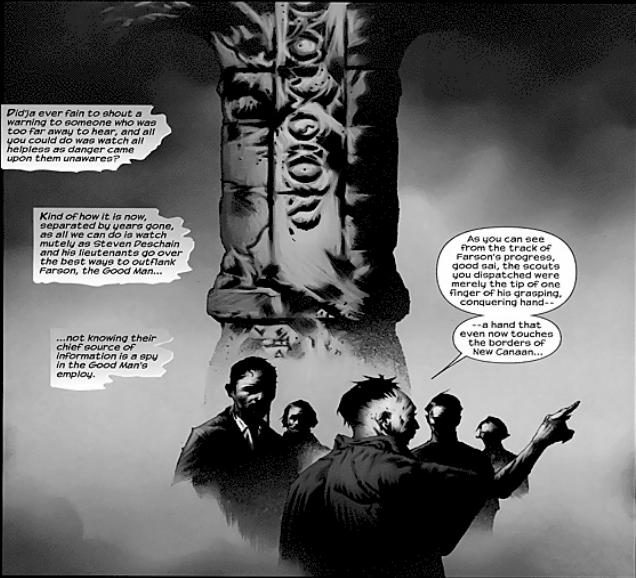
*"You are betrayed by
the very globe you
coveted! And with that
betrayal comes the
only just penalty:*

DEATH!

Bert!
Down!

GODS!!





Didja ever fail to shout a warning to someone who was too far away to hear, and all you could do was watch all helpless as danger came upon them unawares?

Kind of how it is now, separated by years gone, as all we can do is watch mutely as Steven Deschain and his lieutenants go over the best ways to outflank Farson, the Good Man...

...not knowing their chief source of information is a spy in the Good Man's employ.

As you can see from the track of Farson's progress, good sai, the scouts you dispatched were merely the tip of one finger of his grasping, conquering hand--

--a hand that even now touches the borders of New Canaan...



...and soon will become a fist determined to smash down upon our heads.

"I have been receiving word
of his atrocities through
reliable sources, although
sometimes...

"...sometimes I swear that,
when the wind blows from the
south, it carries the howls
of his victims.

"Remember you the horrors of
Cressia? Where Parson razed
and burned the Barony seat of
Indrie, staked the heads of the
mayor and sheriff upon spikes,
and slaughtered all those who
were loyal to the Affiliation?"





"Well, Indrie was merely
a warm-up for his current
reign of terror."



But he is
not invincible,
no...

...your boys
proved that, dealing
him a sizable setback
at Hambry that has left
his troops in disarray.
We can exploit
that....

...by launching
a surprise attack
on his mountain
arsenal, where
guards are sorely
depleted.



A bold plan,
Justus...

...and one worth
considering. We shall
speak more anon.
For now--

--it has been
a strenuous day,
and we could all
use some rest.



Charles, stay
a moment.

You still seem
a bit wan. Perhaps
you might want to
skip the Taunton
tonight.

With respect,
Steven--is your
concern for me?
Or for my wife and
her belly swollen
with child?



A bit of
both.

All right, mostly
for her. In her condition,
she is vulnerable, and in
yours, you can scarce
protect her...

And so we
should cower in our
chambers? Scarcely
the behavior of a
gunslinger and his
mate.



A valid point.
Just have a care,
Charles.

There is
treachery
everywhere
nowadays.

'Twas damned fortunate that Steven and his men were in another part of the keep, far from the wing with the living quarters...

...else they would have come running upon hearing shots erupt from within Roland's bedroom.

What a sight would have greeted their eyes then: Steven's son, looking downright funeral...

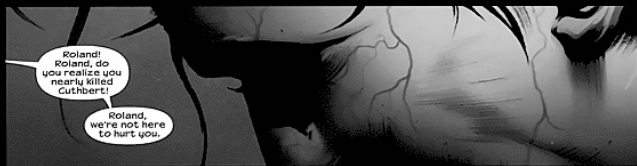
...staring blankly at his still-smoking gun as if he'd never seen the thing before...

...while the sons of Chris Johns and Robert Allgood are lying in a tangled heap on the floor.





Get Sun! Off me, you overstuffed pillock!



Roland!
Roland, do
you realize you
nearly killed
Cuthbert!

Roland,
we're not here
to hurt you.



Right! Why
hurt him when
you can entertain
yourself by
breaking my
spine!

If it hadn't
been for *my*
intuition and Roland's
lousy marksmanship,
those two bullet holes
in the *door* would be
in your *chest*.
So stop your
whining.



Roland, I think
I speak for Bert
and me when I
say--

You are out
of your damned
mind! Your *brain*
has turned to
grapefruit and
grapefruit juice
runs in your
veins!

Roland, I
think I speak
just for *myself*
when I say--

Rhea.

The witch-
woman?

Yes. I
thought I
saw *her* at
the door

A hallucinating
gunslinger. No
danger there.

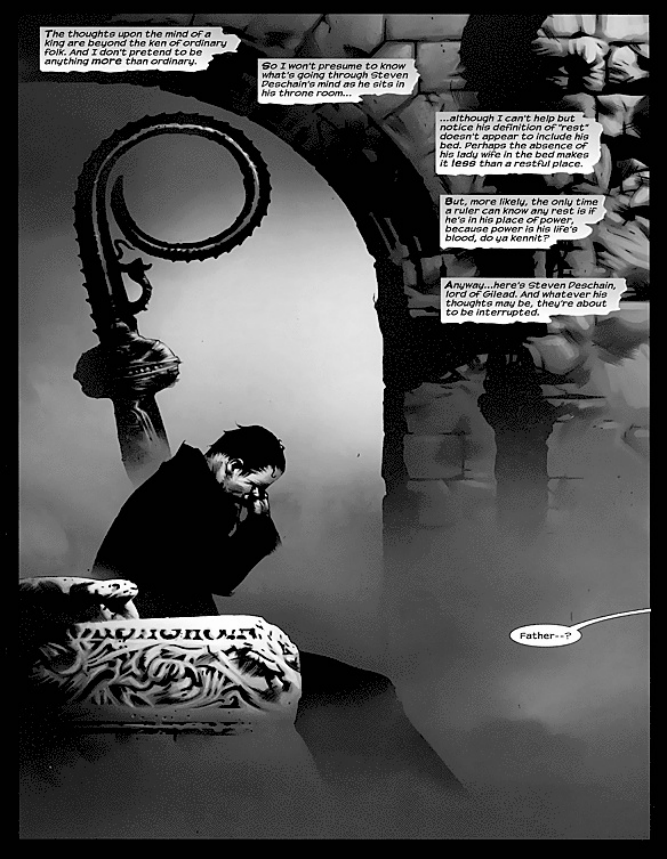
I--



Roland, if
this keeps up,
you're going to kill
someone, or force
someone to kill
you.

You're right,
Alain. This cannot
continue.

And it
won't.



The thoughts upon the mind of a king are beyond the ken of ordinary folk. And I don't pretend to be anything more than ordinary.

So I won't presume to know what's going through Steven Peschain's mind as he sits in his throne room...

...although I can't help but notice his definition of "rest" doesn't appear to include his bed. Perhaps the absence of his lady wife in the bed makes it less than a restful place.

But, more likely, the only time a ruler can know any rest is if he's in his place of power, because power is his life's blood, do ya kennit?

Anyway...here's Steven Peschain, lord of Gilead. And whatever his thoughts may be, they're about to be interrupted.

Father--?



Roland! Good lord, son, you look *ghastly*. The banquet cannot come soon enough; it appears you haven't eaten in days!

Roland--?



Roland, *obviously* you have something on your mind. I, on the other hand, have *many* things on my mind, yet you don't see *me* looking like death warmed over.

So whatever is festering within you, best to have it *out* before it devours you whole.

My sin festers within me, Father. I have forgotten my duty to you.



I have forgotten your *face*...

...because I did not deliver this to you immediately.



My
God. Is...is
that--?

Put it back in
the bag right now!
Do you have *any* idea
what could happen
if you gaze into
it too long?

A *Faint*
inkling, yes.

Give it here.
Does anyone
else in Gilead
know you have
it?

All with that
knowledge are
within this room.
Father, I--

You have *sinned*, yes, Sin, I
suspect, born more of ill-fated
curiosity than evil intent,
which mitigates it
somewhat.

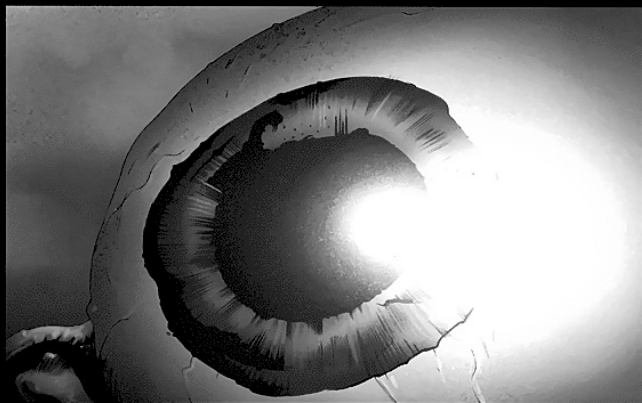
Expiate your sin
thusly: when your
mother joins us for
the banquet, treat her
with kindness. Forgive
her as you would have
me forgive you.

Now go.

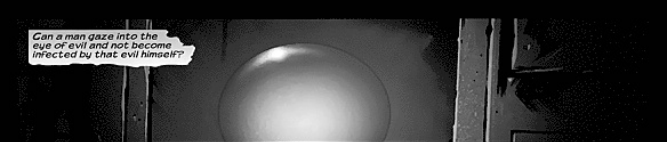
You got off
easy. Technically,
he could have executed
you for treasonous
actions.

At least
then I wouldn't
have to be nice
to my mother.

Classic
Roland, always
finding the bright
side.



Can a man gaze into the
eye of evil and not become
infected by that evil himself?



Steven Peschain displays
the wisdom his son did not
possess by choosing not
to find out.



Stay there,
then.



Stay there
and stare at
blackness, as
black as your
master's own
heart...



...far
from prying
eyes.





Steven Deschain has
been right about so
many things.



That there are
spies and treachery
everywhere.



That Maerlyn's Grapefruit
is a source of great power
and can be a potent weapon.



But it appears he
was wrong about
one thing:



Deschain
has the ball.
meet behind
PALACE midnigh
tomorrow

He was wrong to allow
Justus, the spy, anywhere
near Gilead.

And when one operates
at the level that Steven
does...

...one error could
be all that's
required...



...to bring down
a kingdom.



TO BE CONTINUED



I DO NOT AIM WITH MY HAND;

HE WHO AIMS WITH HIS HAND HAS FORGOTTEN
THE FACE OF HIS FATHER.

I AIM WITH MY EYE.

I DO NOT SHOOT WITH MY HAND;

HE WHO SHOOTS WITH HIS HAND HAS FORGOTTEN
THE FACE OF HIS FATHER.

I SHOOT WITH MY MIND.

I DO NOT KILL WITH MY GUN;

HE WHO KILLS WITH HIS GUN HAS FORGOTTEN THE
FACE OF HIS FATHER.

I KILL WITH MY HEART.

--GUNSLINGER LITANY





THE MANNI. THE TOUCH. THE TOWER. AND THE ROSE

There are Other Worlds than These.

-Book of the Manni

Q: *When is a Rose not a Rose?*

A: *When it's a Tower.*

-Traditional Mid-World Riddle

Beyond the realm of human range

A drop of hell, a touch of strange.

-Line from a Manni Poem

Although the scientific community of our world has not yet fully accepted the reality of human psychic ability, among Mid-World scholars its existence and its power are accepted without question. In fact, both Mid-World history and Mid-World folklore are replete with stories concerning such psychic phenomena, and give ample evidence regarding the transformative effect psychic ability and psychic travel can have upon the course of human events and upon human lives. The general term Mid-Worlders use for such psi skills is the touch, and though it is found in the population at large, it occurs most frequently among the members of the religious sect

known as the Manni. In fact this gift is so prevalent among the Manni that a child born without this special web of senses is regarded as having lost an essential sensitivity, almost as if he'd come into the world without sight or without hearing. In many ways this is not surprising, since to the Manni psychic abilities are a necessary prerequisite to their central religious rite, which is traveling todash, or travelling between worlds.

Although the touch is sometimes considered a genetic trait unique to the Manni, there is another population in which this gift frequently manifests, and that is among gunslingers. This is most likely due to the fact that, in the later days of Arthur Eld's reign, gunslingers were encouraged to take Manni wives, not only because the fertility rates among Manni women were higher than among other women, but also because gunslingers valued the Manni's unique psi abilities and wanted to incorporate them into their own bloodlines. Among both Manni and gunslingers, the touch is considered an essential survival skill, only whereas the Manni use these extra senses to discern the todash taken, or holes in reality, which they use to travel to parallel universes, gunslingers exercise and develop these little understood parts of the mind in order to hone their intuition and quicken their reactions. In fact, there are many scholars who maintain that the gunslingers' preternaturally fast hands are in actuality a manifestation of the touch.

But despite the fact that Manni bloodlines and gunslinger bloodlines have mixed throughout the centuries, and despite the fact that most Mid-Worlders regard the touch as sacred, in some remote and





superstitious regions the Manni's pronounced psi abilities, coupled with their unusual cultural practices, have made them the subject of scorn and persecution. In places where conformity to regional religious norms is essential for safety and acceptance, the Manni are easily recognizable. Hence, they are also easily targeted. The men wear dark-blue cloaks and round-crowned hats and their speech is punctuated with many thees and thous. They prefer to use mutie geldings for mounts, and wear their beards, hair, and fingernails long, since by Manni law these can only be cut twice a year. Manni men are allowed to marry multiple wives, and these extended family units live together in a single house or kra. Their women-folk also wear dark colors, though at all times they keep their heads covered with headscarves and conceal their arms, legs, and even throats with loose-fitting, high-necked gowns.

Manni mannerisms are as unusual as their physical appearances. Whenever the Over or the Prim are mentioned they cover their eyes, and when the name of Arthur Eld is uttered they raise their fists in the air with the first and fourth fingers pointed. Although this particular hand movement is a sign of respect among Manni-folk, on occasion it has been misconstrued as "giving the evil eye" and the Manni individual who made the sign has been murdered. In cases where such atrocities have been committed, the Manni rarely choose to prosecute. Instead they shake their heads in the long, swinging arcs which are so common among them, and say that the forgetful folk (meaning those who are not Manni) will have plenty of time to pay for their sins in the depths of Na'ar, which is the Manni equivalent of Hell. Luckily, in recent years many Manni tribes have moved into the hills close to Gilead, where the ruling gunslingers have promised them protection. This close proximity benefits the gunslingers as well as the Manni, since as long ago as the time of Eld, gunslinger dinhs have traveled to the sects' tempas and kras, seeking advice and enlightenment.

Among both Manni and gunslingers the touch is not a single gift or skill but a web of abilities which give an individual access to information inaccessible by other sensory means. The most frequent manifestations of the touch are as follows:

1. The ability to read the past of an object by holding it.
2. The ability to sense what is happening at a distance.
3. The ability to foresee future events.
4. The ability to give prophecy when in a meditative state, or when such a state is induced via ritual.
5. The ability to sense other people's emotions or thoughts, usually after mak-

ing physical contact. (This final skill is referred to as "sharing khef" or sharing life force.)

But though the five forms of the touch have been extensively documented, the question of its nature, and its origin, remains mysterious. Just as there are many who argue that psi abilities are genetic, there are an equal number of people who state that these powers of the mind and spirit are latent in all men and women. To the Manni themselves, their ways of knowing (as they refer to their psychic senses) are gifts from the Prim and the Over (both names for the primordial creators of the universe), and are as much the result of generations of Manni men and women traveling through time and space as they are the means by which such travel is accomplished.

In return for the Prim's blessing of the touch, the Manni have appointed themselves as Gan's mapmakers. In other words, they believe it is their sacred duty to bring information about the time/space continuum back to Mid-World for the betterment of humankind. As the old saying goes, they are far-seers and far-travelers, for they are sailors on ka's wind. Their many journeys to other worlds are done

for the sake of knowledge, never for personal gain. For traveling todash is the most sacred of rites and the most exalted of states, and to use it to accumulate riches or power is to spit in the eye of Gan himself.

The equipment a Manni elder uses to travel through time and space appears simple enough. All he requires is a circular magnet with a hole in the center and a plumb bob, carved from yellow ghost wood, suspended from a fine-linked silver chain. The bob, which is shaped like a child's top, inevitably has a name since it is considered the Manni's living companion, not an inanimate object of wood. Just as the Manni lives in a kra, the bob is housed in a rectangular box known as a coff. The largest bobs—the ones used by Manni leaders or dinhs—are housed in three-foot-long coffs decorated with stars and moons. Beneath these coffs are metal sleeves containing wooden rods which are used for bearing the coffs in processionals, much like litters are used to transport people of rank.

To prepare for travel, a Manni man or woman fasts for several days, during which time he will use his magnet to determine a location where the electro-



magnetic energies of the earth are suitable for creating a doorway. Once the location is found, the Manni will pray for kaven, or the persistence of magic, and then he will set his plumb-bob swinging. As the bob swings, it grows heavier, and soon both chain and bob become dim. Next the Manni himself—who is continually uttering prayers—will fade in and out of existence in a series of jerky pulses, until all that remains of him in Mid-World is an ectoplasmic shadow.

As all Manni know, traveling todash is fraught with peril. If a ritual is not preformed properly or if a prayer is not uttered in full, the traveler can plummet into the void places between worlds where monsters lurk. Many have returned from todash mad or dying, and many more have never returned at all. But those who have come back to Mid-World have returned with tremendous knowledge. They have learned that Mid-World is but one of many parallel realities, and that in many of these alternative realities are twinners, or doubles, of the people of Mid-World. They have learned that each of these worlds has a unique destiny, though all of these destinies are linked by the linchpin of the time/space continuum known as the Dark Tower. They have also discovered that of all the worlds that resemble Mid-World, in Mid-World alone time moves only in one direction, and that which is done there cannot be undone. For Mid-World is a special world, it is Tower Keystone, and it is the only one of its many twinners in which the Tower takes its true form.

But the Manni have also learned something else which few of the forgetful folk who come to palaver with them can understand. It is that, though there are many duplicate Mid-Worlds in which many twinners of the Mid-World population live out lives similar to the ones lived on Tower Keystone, there is only one world that is a true twin of Mid-World. But that other world is also a Keystone World, and its ka, or destiny, is bound to Mid-World's ka. That other world is Keystone Earth, and in that reality the Tower also has a true form, only that form is not a huge grey-black edifice but a single beautiful rose.

As the Manni know, Mid-World is a land of many gods, but all of those gods are also one single divine force. The faces of the multiple divinities are but masks worn by the One; they are costumes tailored to fit the needs of individual worshippers. Similarly the Tower is an essence and a force whose form changes from world to world. And as its form changes, so does its function.

In Tower Keystone, the Dark Tower—and the Beams which radiate out from its apex—maintain the proper alignment of time, space, size, and dimension in all of the worlds. Hence as the Dark Tower founders, thinnies—or places where the fabric of reality has almost worn away—

appear throughout Mid-World. Time and directions begin to drift. However, while the Tower of Tower Keystone maintains the shape of reality, the Rose of Keystone Earth guards its heart.

Like the Tower of Mid-World, the Rose of Keystone Earth has been under attack for many centuries. The city which grew up around it in order to worship it has long forgotten about its existence, or has ceased to believe in its power. The lot where it grows is now a wasteland of old brick and shattered glass awaiting the wrecking ball. Its enemies have even placed a fence around it, and then have placed boards over the fence, to try to hide the Rose's beauty from the desperate and hopeless people who drift by outside every day, sick for lack of what the Rose could bring them.

But despite those who wish to destroy it, the Rose survives. Dusky pink on the outside, fierce red on the inside, it has a center as yellow as a thousand suns. It sings a song which is inexpressively lonely and inexpressively lovely; an aria full of the voices and faces of all those who have ever loved, and all those who have ever opened their hearts to the connectedness of all things—a connectedness unhindered by separations in time or space. The Rose sings the song of everything and of always. Each time the Dark Tower of Mid-World founders, its petals curl a little more and brown at the edges, but it continues to heal all those who come to find it. For in its Rose form the linchpin of the multiple worlds manifests the White more fully than it does in any other world. It does not know anger, it does not know greed, it does not know cruelty or envy, though those emotions are rife just beyond the fence which is also its prison. If it could, the Rose would even heal the hearts of its enemies, if they would but let it.

It is to the Rose that the Manni come when they are in despair. And it is to the Rose that they bring their children who are born without that web of knowing that is so essential to a Manni's comprehension of the world. Just as the Beams are what maintain the proper alignment of the worlds—simultaneously holding them apart but joining them together—so the Rose is the linchpin of all thought and all feeling. Nothing and no one ever dies completely, because the Rose remembers. And it is the Rose that shares this knowledge of always and everywhere to any who come to kneel before it. The Rose is the source of khev, and as the source of khev it is also the wellspring of the touch. **CR**

WRITTEN BY:

ROBIN FURTH

ILLUSTRATED BY:

RICHARD ISANOVE



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SKETCHBOOK

Here's a look at some of Jae Lee's original page layouts with his story notes. The finished versions, painted by Richard Isanove, appeared earlier in this issue.

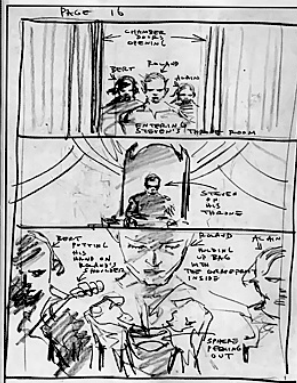
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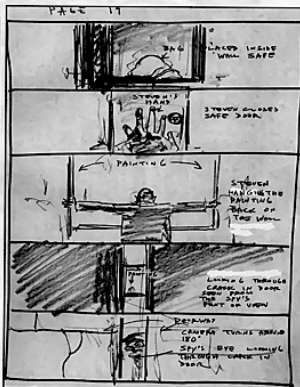
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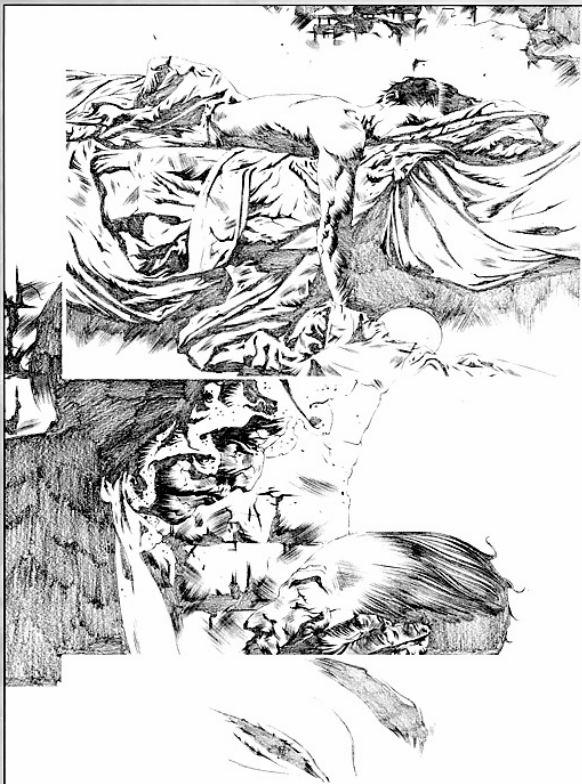


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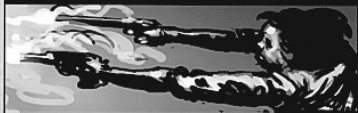












Painter Richard Isanove takes center stage with the variant cover for issue four of *Treachery*. Here's a look at his preliminary art and the final cover.





DARK TOWER: TALKING WITH ROBIN FURTH PT. 2

Stephen King's protégé and one of the architects of **DARK TOWER: TREACHERY** speaks out in the second installment of an in-depth three-part interview

By Neil Kleid

*This feature also appears on
Marvel.com*

Before taking a single step inside Marvel Comics' **Dark Tower** comic book universe, Robin Furth had to document Roland Deschain's early journey from its proud beginning to its eventual, sorrowful finale at Jericho Hill.

Under the watchful eye of novelist and creator Stephen King, Robin Furth has become a walking encyclopedia of **Dark Tower** legend and lore, and alongside Peter David, Jae Lee and Richard Isanove, she uses that knowledge to present Roland's unwritten back story in Marvel's **DARK TOWER** series, bringing to life stories and folklore only hinted at throughout King's best-selling novels.

In the second of our three-part, in-depth interview celebrating **DARK TOWER: TREACHERY**, the third limited series from Marvel, Robin discusses the creative process, triumphs and tribulations and how to condense 700 pages into seven 22-page issues.

Marvel.com: Once the hands were shaken and the contracts signed, how did the process of creating the **DARK TOWER** comics get started? What's

the typical writing process and does it change much with each consecutive series?

Robin Furth: We were incredibly lucky in that we had about a year or so between the contracts being signed and the first issue of the first comic book being due for delivery. That was great for me, since it gave me plenty of time to work with the editors on the project—Ralph Macchio, John Barber, and Nicole Boose. They were great! My job was to plot out the tale from the time when Roland left Gilead for Hambry—the events recounted in "**Wizard and Glass**"—right through to the gunslingers' final stand at Jericho Hill. In other words, I had to cover the ground from Roland, age 14, to Roland, age 22. I also had to describe the huge transformations and upheavals that happen within Mid-World during that time span.

I really worked hard, and with lots of feedback from the editors I created a rough outline that covered the whole period. The plan was for me to create five story arcs of approximately six issues each, but as soon as I looked at the amount of ground we had to cover in order to retell the story of "**Wizard and Glass**," I knew we were going to have some problems.

As longtime **Dark Tower** fans know, "**Wizard and Glass**" is almost 700 pages long and absolutely packed with events. Because of this—and because I wanted to do justice to the novel—my first scene-by-scene outline was eight issues long. I managed to cut it down to seven, but when I tried to cut down to six, so much of the action had been axed that we all decided to go with seven issues for **GUNSLINGER BORN** and five for **LONG ROAD HOME**. This felt right to





me since the time period covered by **LONG ROAD HOME** was actually much briefer than the time period covered by **GUNSLINGER BORN**.

After finishing **GUNSLINGER BORN**, I moved on to expand the outline for **LONG ROAD HOME** and **TREACHERY**. I did these in fairly rapid succession since the juices were flowing and I wanted Jae, Richard, and Peter to have the extra info to turn to while they were working. My outlines then went to Jae, who broke my scene-by-scene story into a panel-by-panel, page-by-page comic book. At this point in the project, we started some round table discussions about what would work best on the page. This was great and I learned a lot, since Jae, Peter, and Richard have a tremendous amount of experience and skill. These days discussion about the story and the art is still a big part of the process. We've worked together for such a long time now that we all feel more comfortable. There is also a tremendous amount of mutual respect. I really have to stress how lucky I feel, having the chance to work on **DARK TOWER**. How many newcomers to comics have a chance to work with such talented and accomplished folks?

Marvel.com: Not many! While the talented and accomplished creative team adapted **GUNSLINGER BORN** from the fourth novel, "Wizard and Glass" as you mentioned, the rest of the comics venture into new territory with new material. What are the hard and fast rules of crafting never before seen **Dark Tower** stories?

Robin Furth: I think the most important part is to remain true to the story and to the tale that Stephen King tells in the **Dark Tower** novels. Throughout the books, Roland Deschain tells us bits and pieces about his personal history and about the trials he faced both after leaving Hambry and during the difficult period that led to the Battle of Jericho Hill. It was these tales that I love together to create the plots of **LONG**

ROAD HOME and **TREACHERY**. My aim has always been to flesh out the tales in a way that is true to both the characters and the world they come from. So far Steve King has been pleased, and so as long as he gives his stamp of approval, I'm happy!

Marvel.com: How much of the story has already been plotted?

Robin Furth: As I said, we have a general outline that goes all the way to the Battle of Jericho Hill, but the more detailed outlines only go up to **TREACHERY**. I have a lot of exciting work ahead of me!

Marvel.com: Of course the stories you, Stephen and Peter create end up beautifully illustrated by Jae Lee and Richard Isanove. What's the collaborative process like between **DARK TOWER** writers and artists? Are you big on detailed panel descriptions or do you place faith in Jae and Richard's skill and experience?

Robin Furth: In my outlines, I try to tell the tale with enough visual detail to get Jae and Richard's imaginations going. My aim is really to get across Steve's vision, as well as the world and the characters as they appear in his novels. From there, Jae and Richard create something unique, beautiful, and utterly awe-inspiring. The same goes for Peter's scripts. They bring the tale to life, which is very moving for me, since as I said I've been living in Mid-World for a very long time. All of these separate parts of the process—outlines, art, and script—go through Steve as well, which is as it should be! He has final say on everything.

Marvel.com: What's been the biggest triumph thus far in writing the **DARK TOWER** comics? Which moment can you point to proudly and say, "that one's mine"?

Robin Furth: To tell the truth, for me the

biggest triumph has been the comics themselves! I've never had the chance to take part in this kind of collaboration before, and I think it's amazing to watch this comic book come into being that is so much bigger than any single person. I mean, every one of us has put our whole heart into this. I've brought my knowledge of the original tales and of Mid-World and its people. Jae and Richard have fleshed out the landscape and the people with their fantastic art, and they have given the stories an incredible dynamism. Peter has given the characters voices by creating superb dialogue, and has maintained a terrific narrator's voice, which holds the tale together. What a treat! It makes me think that if only we human beings could learn to work together like this in other aspects of life, the world really would become a much better, more peaceful place.

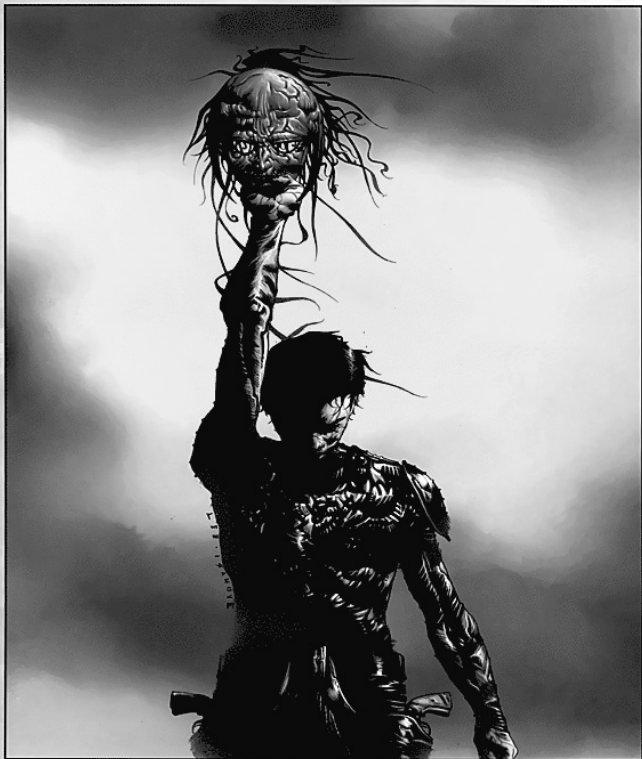
Marvel.com: Besides co-writing the main stories, you're also providing back matter for the books in the form of articles, maps and biographies. How much of the material comes from the "Concordance" and how much is brand new?

Robin Furth: I'm really glad you asked this question because I think it's something that many readers want to know more about. Every article and every biography is based in Mid-World history and Mid-World folklore, but I've also had to do a lot of imagining and expanding. Often I try to bring many different bits of history together, and by so doing give readers a deeper insight into what it means to live in Mid-World. I definitely see these tales and articles as a continuation of the "Concordance," but they are simultaneously something new. Each article or tale is designed to work with the issue in which it appears. For example, in **TREACHERY**, we meet a new character named Aileen Ritter. She's Cort's niece and she wants more than anything to train as a gunslinger. Problem is, girls aren't allowed to be gunslingers. Hence the article accompanying that particular issue is about a woman's place in Mid-World, and about how girls like Aileen would like to see it change...

*Check back for the final part of our conversation with Robin Furth coming soon here and on **Marvel.com**!*



**NEXT: IT'S THE ULTIMATE BETRAYAL OF DINH STEVEN DESCHAIN
BY THE ONE HE LOVES MOST!**





All is not well in Mid-World. Young gunslinger Roland Deschain, the young man whose destiny it is to seek and save the Dark Tower, is haunted by horrifying visions from the evil seeing sphere, Maerlyn's Grapefruit. The Crimson King, enemy of all that lives, has long plotted the utter destruction of the Tower, and the undoing of reality itself. Now, with Roland unable to act, his monstrous foe has put his plan into motion...

From the creative team that brought Roland's early adventures to life in *The Dark Tower: The Gunslinger Born* and *The Dark Tower: The Long Road Home*, comes the next chapter of this dark saga of friendship, betrayal and a cosmic quest as conceived by master storyteller Stephen King.

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